

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 370.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1861.

PRICE 1½d.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

WHILE Italy attracts our attention on one hand by the determination of its long severed states to unity, and while we know that such is the process by which both Britain and France have acquired their present importance, we are startled in another direction by a cry as if a great realm were about to be violently rent asunder. The Southern States of America, indignant at the election of an anti-slavery candidate to the four-years' tenure of the office of President, threaten to sever themselves from the rest, as if union were no longer to be endured. In this headlong movement, South Carolina takes the lead.

It must be obvious that, in point of extent and population, this state has no true pretensions to leadership. Of all the thirty-three republics clustered together in North America, she is one of the smallest, her area comprising only 30,000 square miles. Her population amounts to 700,000, of which number considerably more than half are of negro descent, the slaves alone outnumbering the whites by 100,000 persons, without reckoning the free blacks. The number of these has been estimated at 10,000 souls, a number unusually small for a territory so largely peopled by the coloured race; but few as they are, they cause an amount of ill-feeling, jealousy, and turmoil which it is happily difficult for an untravelled Englishman to gauge or appreciate. South Carolina, which, according to the last census, is the only state in which the slaves outnumber the white freemen, is also notorious for the most extravagant theories on the vexed subject of slavery, and for an absolute negrophobia of hatred and contempt for the dark-skinned offspring of Canaan. In no other part of America is the black man so despised; in no other quarter do his claims to the ordinary privileges of humanity meet with so scornful a reception. And this is the more remarkable, because downright physical cruelty is less common in South Carolina than in the swampy delta of the Mississippi. The landholders of the territory are 'southern gentlemen' (so styled, like those of Virginia), and estimate themselves as a different order of beings from the rough Kentucky farmers, the rugged 'Hoosiers,' and the sallow planters of Alabama and Mobile. Better educated, more refined in manner, and more amenable to public opinion than the slave-owners of less aristocratic provinces, the gentry of Carolina consider the maltreatment of slaves as an ill-bred proceeding.

Any habitual reader of American journals must have observed, that of the acts of horrid barbarity which occasionally are dragged into daylight to shock all Christendom, but few are laid to the score of South

Carolina. Burnings alive, torture, and fatal floggings, so common in Texas and elsewhere, are extremely rare in that pugnacious little state, now bidding defiance alike to the federal authority and the opinion of Europe. On the other hand, Judge Lynch is a regular and permanent Rhadamanthus throughout the twenty-nine districts; and the missionaries of the Abolition Society are dealt with as unmercifully as ever were heresiarchs in the Italy of the middle ages. The same planters, who may probably be mild and indulgent to the slaves on their own land, are willing and fiercely eager to inflict on the preachers of emancipation the customary sentence of stripes, and tar, and feathers, and for a second offence, the halter or the flames. The truth is, that a Carolina citizen contrives to thoroughly persuade himself that his negroes are as wholly and righteously his property as his horses and dogs; and though he may be a kind master, in the absence of provocation, to both bipeds and quadrupeds, he regards any attempt to deprive him of his living chattels as the greatest of sins, which even death and ignominy can scarcely atone for. It is in vain that argument is wasted upon him—if, indeed, he will listen to it, which he seldom will. Brooks, that famous representative of the state, who actually received the thanks of the citizens for his brutal assault on Mr Sumner in the very hall of legislature, was a type of his countrymen. Those who have known Mr Brooks in private life, are accustomed to speak of him as a hospitable and agreeable person; the questioning of man's right of property in man had alone the power to raise the fiend in him. So it is with the whites of South Carolina. They have many advantages over the other denizens of the South. Not only is the country a long settled one—judging by an American standard—but there exists a numerous class of proprietors comfortably off, and in possession of that happy mediocrity of fortune which seems to admit of the greatest amount of lettered ease; while education nowhere—not even in studious New England itself—is held in higher esteem.

The colleges of Columbia and of Charleston are famous throughout the cotton-growing portion of the Union; and while Georgia is renowned for gouging and duels, and Virginia for debts and drinking, South Carolina makes it her boast that she rears scholars and men of cultivated taste. The hard-headed Yankees are apt secretly to look down on the lounging 'gentry' of the South; and nothing so much astonishes a New Englander who has only visited Mobile with its hybrid French population, and Virginia with its decayed and dissolute cavaliers, as to find in what high estimation learning is held in the very metropolis of slaveholding. Although the land in Virginia is almost exhausted, though buckwheat and Indian corn are

growing where the finest tobacco once flourished, though the clearings are fast being absorbed by bushes and canebrake, and the properties by mortgages and barrenness, still Virginia maintains between eighty and ninety packs of hounds. There are not six packs in all South Carolina, and those are in the hilly country to the north of the state, among the spurs of the Appalachian mountains, where the primeval forest is not utterly felled, nor its savage denizens extinct. Indeed, the style of housekeeping in Carolina is more refined and less prodigal than that which has obtained for the Old Dominion its character for exuberant hospitality.

But although the higher classes in the state pride themselves on their education and accomplishments, their acquirements are necessarily imperfect, and the whole tone of their minds is warped and distorted into the ignoring of the simple truths of justice and the natural rights of man. No professor at Columbia, no bookseller, no schoolmaster, ever ventures to forget that the theory of African inferiority must be maintained at any cost. In the boasted land of freedom, the liberty of opinion is more shackled, and speech more restrained, than in the most despotic countries of Europe. All books are subjected to the scrutiny of self-appointed censors, whose toil is a labour of love, and who have the scent of a blood-hound for any expression that may be wrested into a condemnation of negro slavery. The newspapers never venture, however faintly, to impugn the worst excesses of the monstrous system of which their province is the champion and the apologist. From the pulpit are heard eloquent denunciations of the abolitionists, as 'those who trouble Israel,' and learned arguments founded on the curse of Canaan, and the predestined servitude of Ham's posterity. The theatres, as well as the churches, are under the eye of the vigilance committees. It is not surprising that *Massaniello*, *Toussaint l'Ouverture*, and the like inflammatory pieces, should be sternly forbidden, but it is more remarkable that even *Othello* is expunged from the list of plays that a Charleston audience may behold, the reason given being that it would 'demoralise' the negroes. In the bordering state of Georgia, the public representation of Desdemona's woes and Iago's treachery is also tabooed, but for a different reason—curious enough, and illustrating the sentiments of the white freemen of America towards those who are unlucky enough to differ from them in colour. Many years ago, *Othello* was acted at Savannah city, the part of the jealous Moor being enacted by a northern performer of some celebrity, Paul Dickson. It was a gala-night, and the chief actor's benefit; and the theatre was crowded, the governor going in a kind of state, and the militia attending in uniform. During the latter part of the play, one of the soldiers in the pit was observed to be much excited, and when the Moor proceeded to smother his spouse with the fatal pillow, the militiaman actually levelled his piece and shot the unlucky actor through the heart, declaring that 'he would not see a black man murder a white woman.' Since this tragical termination of a pageant, *Othello* has been a forbidden play on the Georgian boards. The same ultra-caution which watches the pulpit, the platform, and the stage, extends itself into every department in South Carolina. The fear of a rising of the black race, and of a repetition of the St Domingo massacres, is the nightmare never absent from a Southerner's imagination.

tion. But there are more whites than blacks in every state but two, and the former are infinitely bolder, more adroit, and more accustomed to act promptly and in concert. Then, too, every white citizen is armed, and many of them have such a tincture of soldiership as the somewhat slovenly discipline of the American militia can afford. It is true that the privates in these provincial armies are very few in comparison with the officers; every township has its crop of majors and captains, but simple sentinels are less frequently to be met with, while the best of the Southern corps are far inferior in zeal and steadiness to our own volunteers; but still a very little martial skill goes a long way in overawing negroes. If a general insurrection were to take place to-morrow, many isolated families, dwelling in remote plantations thronged by hundreds of field-hands, would certainly be cut off in detail, and individual barbarities might very likely be committed, but the great bulk of the slaves would probably succumb to the fate of the revolted sepoys, and perish in masses.

So perfectly are the negro's best friends, the abolitionists of the North, aware of the danger of any hasty outbreak, not to the masters, but to their serfs, that they are always earnest in deprecating any such ill-advised step. Even Captain Brown, the hottest zealot in America, declared on his scaffold that he had no intention, when drawing the sword, to excite the negroes into a disastrous revolt. No one who knows the South, dreams of the success of such a struggle, of which extermination, not liberation, must be the certain result: the emancipation of the blacks must be a work of peace and compromise, not of war and revolution, and this is felt by those who have most of all devoted their lives to the task of wiping away that foul blot from the shield of the giant republic. However, certain it is that the slave-owners of South Carolina, surrounded by a very large black population, live in apprehension of a servile war. To them, such a movement, on anything like a general scale, would be ruin. Even conquest, attended as it must be by acts of rigour, would be destructive, for the slaves are most valuable property, and without labourers, of course the land must become a desert. But at first sight, however alarming to unquiet minds may be the fact that the free population is outnumbered by the slaves, it would appear impossible that the great bulk of the whites should be interested in keeping up the present system. In 1850, there were 274,000 white inhabitants, and of the slaves 384,000. The freemen of European stock cannot, therefore, be all slaveholders. Moreover, as one or two estates employ five hundred hands, and many need from two to three hundred, it is evident that a good many families in Carolina must be without even a single slave for domestic purposes. Such is indeed the case, not only in Carolina, but in every slave state. The great majority of the whites have no direct claim upon the enforced toil of the blacks. The entire number of slaves in the Union, in 1850, was 3,200,000 (now about 4,000,000), and these were owned by 346,048 slaveholders, but if we deduct all who owned fewer than ten slaves, the whole number of slaveholders was only 92,215. It seems that a large number of whites in the Southern States own only one or two house-negroes, or farm-hands, or groom-boys. Such is the case, especially in Texas, Missouri, and other rough frontier territories. One thing is certain and patent to every traveller, that most of the poorer whites in a slave state own no negroes, and that South Carolina is no exception to this rule. It may seem strange that slavery should find partisans among a large class of men who, to all appearance, profit by it not at all. The poor whites in the South are not, in general, too prosperous. They eat each other up, metaphorically, for there are more artisans, more tavern-keepers,

preachers, doctors, and so forth, than can get a decent living. All arts and trades are theirs: they are the dominant caste, the Spartans of America; and yet as they lounge about the weed-grown village streets, fierce, haggard, and shabby, they must often envy the plump condition and childish merriment of the black helots who surround them. The whites get little or no agricultural employment. For overseers and book-keepers, Yankees are generally preferred to Southrons. There are not so many lucrative situations, fit for half-educated persons, in the South, as elsewhere, and therefore the large class of needy citizens forms the store-house of filibustering adventurers, ever ready for a desperate dash at the Hispano-American Republics of the Mexican Gulf. Yet, curiously enough, the most vehement upholders of slavery are these landless whites, who feel more keenly on the subject than the large proprietors themselves, and who are ever ready to support their arguments by knife and pistol. Indeed, supposing the slaveholders to entertain a wish for emancipation, it is doubtful whether they would have the courage to confront the indignation of their poorer fellow-citizens. Pride and prejudice mainly contribute to cause this violent pro-slavery mania in those who rather suffer than gain by the negro's servitude. The poor white, with nothing to boast of except his vote and his colour, is vain of both. Compared with the negro, at any rate, he is a personage of importance, one of Nature's aristocrats.

To acknowledge the black as his equal, nay, as having any rights at all, though only to personal freedom and the power of forming family-ties, would be in the white man's eyes to degrade himself to the level of the despised race. He really and truly does look on negroes as animals, as an inferior species, not meriting to share in the common privileges of human-kind; this belief with them is no hypocrisy, but a serious engrained faith, which they imbibe from the cradle. Moreover, since every man may himself one day become a slaveholder, he is inclined to do battle for an institution that may at a future time be convenient to himself. Again, slave-labour keeps out the immigrants from Germany and Ireland, with whom no Southern American loves to be forced into contact or competition, while the white man has a monopoly of many employments for which education might fit the black. These various causes, but pride of race in especial, render the poorer citizens advocates for negro bondage. The proprietors of land are, of course, slave-owners, since neither rice nor cotton can be cultivated without the aid of black labourers. Those who are without slaves, are obliged to limit their agricultural operations to cattle-grazing, or wood-cutting, or something else not requiring continuous toil in the open air; for there is no use in disguising the fact, that a white man is innately unfit to hoe and dig under the burning sun of that semi-tropic climate. The abolitionists, indeed, contend that the lands of the rice and cotton states can be perfectly well cultivated by European labourers, and anticipate the day when Irishmen shall do for wages what Africans now do under fear of the whip; but this can hardly be. Virginia has a cooler climate than Carolina, and yet the convicts who were formerly shipped from England to labour, as a punishment, on the tobacco plantations, died at the rate of forty per cent., a mortality equal to that of British prisoners in Jamaica itself. As matters stand, the average of white life is not nearly so high in the South as in the North or the wild West, and exposure to the sun is much to be dreaded, particularly by immigrants from cold countries. Carolina is not reckoned unhealthy for a cotton-growing state. The latter part of summer and beginning of autumn are the periods when country fevers—swamp fevers as they are called—are most prevalent; but the sea-breeze prevents the coast from being as unhealthy as its low

and moist character would otherwise render it, and the northern part of the province is kept cool by the snow-winds from the great Appalachian range, where all the higher mountains retain much of their winter's covering through the hot season. The cotton grown in South Carolina is of superior quality, and higher priced at New Orleans than most staples of that produced in Alabama. The excellence of the rice is well known, and rice is indeed the chief export of the state, while its cultivation renders it necessary to keep a great deal of land in a wet condition, to the consequent prevalence of miasma.

Escaped negroes from South Carolina usually attempt to secrete themselves on board some vessel at Charleston or Beaufort, unless they have white friends, in which case they are enabled to make use of what Americans call the Underground Railway. The underground railway merely implies a system for enabling negroes to escape to Canada, by the co-operation of white agents of the Abolition Society. These latter are located in various towns and cities throughout the South, and a runaway is often transported under cover of night from house to house, like a bale of contraband goods, until he reaches British territory. On the Canadian side of Erie, several villages have been founded by these sable exiles, who contrive to subsist, though they suffer much from the severe winter of the great lakes. Of course, the office of abolition agent is a most dangerous one. Mob-vengeance unites with legal severity to punish any one aiding or counselling the escape of a slave, and the more so, as South Carolina has need of more negroes than even her large black population affords. To explain this, it is necessary to bear in mind that South Carolina is classed among the 'breeding' states—that is, a state where the marriage of blacks is encouraged, where they are cared for in age, and where they are usually treated with the same interested humanity that renders a farmer thoughtful for the welfare of his cattle. But the breeding states vary one from another. Virginia, Tennessee, and Kentucky rear slaves merely to sell them for plantation-work to some of the provinces on the borders of the rich and unhealthy Mississippi—states where adult labour is in demand alone, where it answers better, as the calculating cotton-growers say, to 'buy niggers ready grown,' and where the Virginia and Kentucky blacks are 'used up' annually in fearful numbers. But although exhausted Virginia and rough Kentucky can sell slaves at a profit, fertile South Carolina wants all she has, and more. She keeps her own coloured people—she buys a few from Virginia; but New Orleans outbids her in the Richmond market, and hence comes the fierce outcry for reopening the African slave-trade. No other topic excites such interest in Carolina, save abolition alone, as this. Other states repudiate the Guinea trade, while retaining slavery: but South Carolina, reckless of scandal, is impatient to draw her supplies direct from the Gold Coast once more, to cheapen slaves, now immoderately dear; and while stimulating the traffic in human flesh, to bring her waste lands under the hoe. There is but one district where the sugar-cane thrives—namely, that of Beaufort, and the state can never export much Muscovado, but the yield of cotton and rice might be increased considerably, were able-bodied negroes as cheap as they were half a century ago.

The slaves brought over by the yacht *Wanderer*, belonging to a Carolina gentleman, were sold at an average of 500 dollars; and those taken in a captured slaver a year since, and lodged by the United States naval authorities in Charleston jail, narrowly escaped being confiscated and brought to the hammer at the demand of the municipality. It is a well-known law of this state, that any negro or mulatto seaman, on board an American or foreign vessel, coming to a Carolina port, shall be lodged at once in jail, there to remain until the ship is ready to put to sea again.

This vexatious edict often robs a British merchant-captain of the temporary services of some of his best hands; and as almost all vessels have a black cook and steward, the inconvenience resulting from such a measure may be imagined. This precaution is dictated by a fear of any increase to the free-coloured population, a class regarded with the utmost jealousy and aversion. The free black of Carolina has no enviable time of it. The law, less humane than his master, throws all kinds of difficulties in the way of his manumission. Law and custom debar him from many occupations. He is forbidden to assemble with his fellows for almost any purpose, under the displeasure of the sheriff and of Judge Lynch. Education, denied to the slave by penal enactments, is refused to the free black by prejudice. Any schoolmaster teaching a South Carolina free negro his letters, may look to undergo the roughest usage that the Regulators can inflict. Neither slaves nor citizens, and without rights or prospects, the free blacks find themselves in constant danger of slavery. Every year some zealot proposes that the liberated negroes shall be appropriated to masters, or sold by auction; and such may indeed be their fate, now that the check of northern opinion has been repudiated. There are but two other features in the state worthy of notice—the Indians and the vines, both called by the name of Catawbas. These Indians are but some ninety families, the broken remnants of a once renowned and powerful nation, before whom the first settlers trembled, and whose warriors were thirty thousand strong. Those who still exist are the 'Green Bird' Catawbaws, who lead a precarious life, hunting and fishing, weaving baskets for sale, and camping like gipsies around the edges of the broad plains of which their ancestors were undisputed proprietors. The Catawbas vine is found wild in wonderful quantities all over the north of the state. It is easily brought into cultivation; and the wine which it affords, though hitherto of anything but good quality, might, by care and skill, render South Carolina a richer country than slave-grown rice and cotton will ever do.

THE FAMILY SCAPEGRACE.

CHAPTER IX.—THE LAST DAY AT HOME.

It is not necessary to set forth how, day by day and hour by hour, the manner of Dick's life in London grew more and more repulsive to him. Judgment will probably be given against him by those who read, as it was by those who saw, for the world's sympathy for young gentlemen in similar plight is rarely to be awakened by any medium short of that of the police courts. That Richard was not treated by Uncle Ingram, or even by Adolphus, as the apprentices of Mrs Brownrigg were by that famous lady, is true enough. He had plenty to eat and drink, and a great-coat in the winter-time. There were many thousand lads in the stony metropolis very much worse off than he, who yet remained patiently in that station of life to which the guardians of their parish had bound them. We are neither advocates of nor apologists for our young friend, although we take leave to pity him. Since the Dicks of flesh and blood have failed since the commencement of society to justify themselves in the eyes of mankind, it is not probable that this pen-and-ink creation of ours will fare any better. When Dick suspends relations with China, as it is clear he will, he must needs afford to the public eye the very improper and unmitigated spectacle of an apprentice running away from his indentures. Maria, with her universal panacea of 'Whip him, whip him well!' will be supported in that recommendation by the general voice; and there is no help for it.

Still, if we were great orators to move men's minds, like Messrs Edwin James or Montague Chambers,

we would fain plead something for a little runaway lad scarce thirteen (gentlemen of the jury), a handsome curly-haired youth (good ladies), brought up hitherto almost at his mother's apron-strings, and loving her and Sister Maggie, and all who were decently kind to him, transplanted from his home-garden, and set among a wilderness of grown-up trees, bringing forth fruits of Assiduity, Economy, Punctuality, after their kind, but with only some three blossoms of Goodwill among them, and not one bud of Love. Against which blossoms, too—namely, Mrs Trimming, Mr Mickleham, and Mr Jones—must be set a couple of Upas-trees (for when our hearts are touched, gentlemen of the jury, our tongue naturally flies to metaphor)—the cold dislike of Uncle Ingram, and the malicious hatred of Brother Adolphus.

When June came in, in fact, and set up her hideous parody of leaf and verdure in Golden Square, Dick could not stand it any longer. He could not have stood it so long but for two things. One of these was, that every Saturday and Sunday his natural relatives took themselves away, and left him, and Mr Jones, the inscrutable, came to sup, and sometimes dine with Mrs Trimming. This gentleman was Dick's ideal of what a man should be, and he sat at his feet with never-tiring ears, learning to smoke, and improving in his method of drinking gin and water. Mr Jones, too, liked Dick in return, and gave him not a few practical proofs of his regard, although, of late, these had certainly been getting rarer. He took him on one occasion to the Pantomime—passing by the box-office without payment, and thereby increasing his young protégé's admiration for him to the highest degree; and when the spring arrived, he introduced him to Cremorne, where Mr Jones seemed to have a large circle of acquaintances, and to be especially a favourite among the ladies, though we are bound to say that the evening in question was not that famous one upon which no female was admitted beneath the rank of a baronet's wife. On Sundays, too, Mr Jones would sometimes take both Mrs Trimming and Dick to the Zoological Gardens in the Regent's Park, where the lad most thoroughly enjoyed himself. Except that the animals were in cages—which he secretly thought ought to be dispensed with—he deemed the place quite comparable with the garden inhabited by our first parents. His dream of life was to be employed upon these premises, and to live in the charming little cottage by the turnstile all his days. The cottage had eaves, but at that period of his life, Dick did not see the necessity for one of these.

'How is it, Mr Jones, that such few people seem to come to this delightful spot?' observed he one day, when after a long cessation from such treats, the two were in the monkey-house, employed in the charitable distribution of nuts to the most deserving objects of that pitiable tribe.

'Nobody can get in on Sunday without a ticket,' replied Mr Jones, 'and the number of tickets is limited.'

'Are they very expensive?' inquired Dick, with a secret determination of hoarding up his sixpence a week of pocket-money until the required sum should be amassed.

'They are not to be bought with money,' answered Mr Jones: 'that gentleman in the corner yonder presented me with my free admission-card.' He pointed to an enormous ape swinging by his tail from a cross-bar, and apparently fast asleep. Dick opened his mouth—not from ear to ear, but the other way: he was astonished, but he had too much respect for his patron to laugh at him.

'That gentleman, did you say?' said the boy, pointing to the oscillating but benevolent donor. 'How curious that seems; dear me!'

Mr Jones tapped the cage-bars with his umbrella handle, and cried: 'Ralph, Ralph, how are you?'

The ape undid a coil or so of his tail, and so let

himself down to the ground with a speed that would have put to shame the smartest sailor in her Majesty's fleet. He stretched out the black paw at the end of his long brown arm as far as it would go through the bars, and his teeth rattled like a dice-box while Mr Jones shook hands with him.

'He is saying that he is very well, and that the weather is beautiful, although a little close,' observed that gentleman. Dick's delight at the familiarity of this specimen of the brute creation was irrepressible. 'Even the animals like Mr Jones,' thought he, 'and no wonder;' but he did wonder, nevertheless.

'The fact is, Dick,' explained his friend, 'I gave this creature to the Zoological Society, and they gave me a free ticket to admit friends, by way of acknowledgment.'

'Did you give this poor fellow away?' cried the lad, quite scandalised at the sacrifice. 'What could have induced you to part with such a charming, good-tempered'—

'Take care,' cried Mr Jones, 'or he'll have your finger off in half a second, young gentleman: I have seen him snap a finger off just as though it were a radish. I came to possess him in this way: when I was a lad not very much older than you, Dick, I was left a menagerie.'

'Dear me!' exclaimed the lad in a tone of sympathy, and under the impression that a menagerie was some fine name for an orphan.

'I found myself the owner of a travelling wild-beast show—a lord of the fowl and the brute to an extent never dreamed of by Mr Alexander Selkirk. Elephants and guinea-pigs, ostriches and humming-birds were mine, Dick, besides a glass-box crammed with boa-constrictors. It was a case of Noah and his ark-full, and I did not keep my live-stock very much longer than did that patriarch. I went to smash in a very few weeks, my lad, and found myself with nothing in the world but a *Cercopithecus Enyphilhia*, or Long-tailed Grivet—otherwise my talented friend Ralph here—whom no creditor was so hardy as to seize. I had no place to keep him, however, except my greatcoat-pocket, so I made a virtue of necessity, and forwarded the interests of Science, by presenting him to the Zoological Society. Never was ape more gifted, never was Society more charmed. He can hold more nuts in his cheek-pouches than you could win at a shooting-barrow at a fair in half a day. There is no denying that he bites, but we can't expect perfection in this world. We ain't perfect ourselves, Dick, are we?'

Dick humbly replied that he himself was certainly not perfect, but that Mr Jones appeared to him to approach the apex of the moral pyramid as nearly as was humanly possible. To which Mr Jones replied: 'Perhaps so, lad; perhaps I do, my boy;' and patted his head approvingly.

That paternal action reminded the lad at once, as by lightning-flash of recollection, that he had seen Mr Jones in full canonicals performing in some sacred edifice the ceremony of confirmation, but when or where it was, as usual, he was quite unable to recall; the desire of doing so, however, was so strong upon him, that he took no more interest in animal life for the rest of the day, but passed it in a sort of vertigo of reminiscence.

The one other thing which—besides the mitigating influence of Mr Jones—had hitherto prevented Dick from bidding adieu to commercial life, was the promise that had been held out to him of revisiting Rose Cottage in six months from the beginning of his banishment. It was a cruel edict that had divorced him from home and friends so long; but it had certainly heightened the fervour of anticipation with which he now looked forward to the holiday. Mr Ingram Arbour rather took credit to himself for having thus conferred a gratification at an exceedingly

cheap rate, and in his rare moments of humour would even banter his nephew upon this very point. He did not understand how any subject should be kept sacred unless connected with religion or money-matters, and treated poor Richard's tears as pigs' treat pearls. Attacked by his uncle, there was of course nothing left for it but to submit; but if Adolphus launched a dart of satire at him—a temptation that young man could rarely resist—Dick would up with whatever material weapon in the way of book or inkstand lay nearest to his hand, and there was a considerable *fracas* in the house, with whipping and disgrace to follow. Dick was not of the sort of stuff to be made a butt of; and as he grew older and stronger, this pastime of his elder brother began to have something of the danger as well as the excitement about it of a bull-fight or a tiger-hunt.

The long-promised Friday, however, did at last dawn upon Dick in all its July glory; and he found himself once more at his old home, and in his mother's arms. She waited for him up in her bedroom, not that she was much more unwell than usual, but because she could not open wide the doorways of her heart with the unimpulsive Maria looking on. That young lady still ruled at Rose Cottage, a virgin queen as yet without a suitor. Johnnie was away from home, having been articled, at his own request, to an attorney in the neighbourhood, and was said to be pursuing the study of the law with a relish; his joy being somewhat mitigated, however, by the presence, in the same office, of Mr William Dempey, blind—and that but physically—only of one eye. Uncle Ingram and Adolphus had some particular business to transact, and were not to come from town until the next morning; and Maria, who never knew where to stop when among buttered toast, had got one of her tremendous bilious headaches. Everything, in fact, was as it should be for Dick's one holiday. 'I tell you what, mother—I tell you what, my Maggie,' cried he in his school-boy jargon, 'let us have a lark on the water—let us spend the livelong day on the dear old river. I will row you both up to the grotto. Put on your things, darlings, now, do; and, Maggie, don't forget some cold meat and so on, because it will be so jolly to picnic in the wood, and I'll go and get the boat ready this minute.'

Dick, having saluted Jane and Rachel, ran out into the garden like a young horse who first feels the turf beneath his heels; and when he had got the skiff in order, went over all the miniature domain again and again: he crossed the bridge into the rose-garden, and plucked a nosegay apiece for his mother and sister, and climbed up and swung himself on the same willow-tree branch that had borne him a hundred times before; he tried to catch the minnows in the ditch with his pocket-handkerchief, but found he had lost some of his dexterity in that savage art since his residence in town; he caught sight of the brown back of that identical rat which he had watched in and out of the same water-hole for the last half-dozen years; and when he threw the stone at him, missed him, by half an inch, as he had always done before: he marked again the small blue butterflies with speckled under-wings, wheeling about the corner of the osier-bed, and the dragon-flies that lit upon the heads of the tall water-plants, like flames of fire, and while endeavouring to reach them, got into the mud knee-deep, and had to change his trousers—all as of old.

By that time, his passengers and cargo were ready, and off they started in the reverse order to that indicated by the poet, Youth at the Helm—for Maggie steered, as she sat by her mother's side—and Pleasure, in the person of Dick, at the Prow, or nearly so. With those dear faces shining full upon him, and all the sights and sounds which he loved best in nature upon all sides, he was indeed a happy boy, and scarce the less so because he knew what short-lived

joy it needs must be to him, for his disposition was one that suffered him to make the most of pleasure while its sun was shining, and not to feel the shadow of the coming woe. Under the huge span of the red railway-bridge, while the iron train above them thundered, and shook it as it flew, and past the osier-beds, and in and out the islands at their leisure, paddled the happy three: it seemed as though with leaving land they had left all sombre thoughts and memories behind; Dick laughed as he had scarcely done for half a year, and now and then, with sudden access of affection, would almost upset the boat in crawling to kiss mamma and Maggie. Mrs Arbour appeared to come once more, after years of submersion, above the surface of existence, and to have her being again, as long ago, in the atmosphere of love. When they entered the great lock-gates, and the boat sunk with the sinking waters, she even volunteered one of those old, old songs which she had once been accustomed to sing within that echoing place; but recollecting on a sudden in whose dear company it had last been sung in that very spot, her voice broke down, and Maggie had to help her through with it. There are few pleasanter minutes in a river-voyage than those spent within the four walls of some cool dark lock, with the blue sky only to be seen, and when the song mingles with the falling waters without, as with an instrument; nor afterwards is the change less grateful, when the great gates part, as if by magic, noiselessly, and the world is once more let in upon us in its summer splendour.

On the other side of the lock, and up a back-stream, above a foaming lasher, they perceived the fisherman Wilson, whom the widow would have gladly passed unseen; but he called out to Master Richard, and the lad rowed towards him as to a friend and teacher of blithe sports, of old.

'I am glad to see you, sir,' he said, 'and Miss Maggie, and good Mrs Arbour also. I know that it was not of her kind heart that I was obliged to leave her cottage, and that I now fish from shore because I have no punt. Here is a fine trout that you will please to accept, sir, in token of my respect for you and yours—or at least some of yours.'

Wilson was right in saying that it was not of Mrs Arbour's will that he had had notice to quit his cottage; but he did not know that she had kept him in it for many years by paying his rent for him whenever he was behindhand, until Maria found it out; whereupon she told her uncle; and that gentleman, who had not forgotten the manner in which he had been once associated with the Emperor of Morocco, turned the poor fisherman out of doors. This meeting somewhat dashed the spirits of the party for a time, but presently they came upon another pleasure-boat, with which Dick raced, and beat it, and then quite a fleet of swans surrounded them, and gave them mimic battle, and in a little all was joy again. Thus the three reached the grotto in the wood, whence welled the crystal spring, and there they dined, with more enjoyment than ever yet did alderman at feast; and thus, more leisurely, they drifted home, their skiff half-filled with water-lilies, and the feathery heads of rushes, and all the river spoil. It was a golden day, not likely to be soon forgotten by any of those three, and to be treasured up by one of them for ever—a home-picture hung in the inner chamber of his soul, evoking, like the image of a saint, all purest thoughts whenever he looked upon it!

CHAPTER X.

DICK CUTS THE PAINTER.

Mr Ingram Arbour had set the space of three months between Dick's present holiday and his next enfranchisement from Darkendim Street; but it would have been all the same to that young gentleman if the appointed limit had been three years

instead, or even thirty. He had made up his mind, in short, so soon as he should return to Golden Square, to run away from it, and upon the Tuesday morning after his visit to Rose Cottage, he put that plan into execution. His preparations were not extensive, but they were complete. He packed up all his necessary clothing in a carpet-bag, along with a Bible which his mother had given him, and carried it a couple of streets off before he called a cab. He had seven-and-threepence in his pocket in hard cash; a capital knife, with six blades, given to him by Dr Neversleep at his baptism, in the character of sponsor, as being a more useful present to a young man in the end than a silver one; and three-quarters of an enormous cake which Jane had made for his especial benefit. He possessed money, arms, and provisions, in short, as a thoroughly equipped exploring-party should do, and started in the highest spirits in pursuit of that shifty thing—a London livelihood. Once only, when he stopped the cabman to drop a letter into a post-office, his face wore rather a grave expression; but leaving the solitude of the interior of the cab, and climbing up beside the driver, he soon recovered, in that cheerful company, considerably more than equanimity. No wonder that the thought of that letter made him sad: it was addressed to his mother, and ran—in by no means parallel lines—to this effect:

'MY DEAREST MOTHER—I have run away from the crockery business, and turned my hand to another profession which I hope to like better. I could not stand it any longer from Adolphus and Uncle Ingram—especially Adolphus—I could not indeed. I cannot write what I have suffered for the last six months; but if you knew, oh, I know you would pity and forgive me, mother. I have got a new situation, so don't fear, and I will write to you sometimes, I will indeed. And whatever you do, dearest mother and Maggie, do not believe what Adolphus and Uncle Ingram say against me. I have got your Bible with me, with your dear handwriting in it. You will never, never be out of my thoughts, you two.—Believe me, in spite of this, dear mother, your loving son—R. ARBOUR.'

The appointment which Dick thus spoke of was not a government one, but had been conferred upon him solely upon his own merits, and in consequence of his personal application. He had seen, some days ago, a neatly executed placard in a hair-dresser's shop-window near to Leicester Square, stating that a Genteel Youth of Good Address was wanted within, to assist in the Cutting Department, and he had applied for the situation upon the spot.

'Why, you are not much past fifteen, my lad?' had been the expostulation of Mr Tipaway the proprietor.

'Not much,' replied Dick, not thinking it necessary to state that he was even short of that age of discretion; 'but I am exceedingly genteel, I do assure you.'

'And you've got a good address too, I suppose?' observed the barber sardonically.

Dick only shook his curly hair and shewed his teeth—as the poor Italian organ-boys do when we wave them away with our savage British hands from the summit of our dining-room Venetian blinds—and, as it happened, no verbal reply could have served him better.

'He has some modesty, then,' observed the perruquier to his consort.

'I think he will do very well to send out to the Ladies' Schools,' observed Mrs Tipaway critically.

Whatever Mrs Tipaway thought, Mr Tipaway always acted upon, and Mr Richard Arbour had therefore obtained admittance into their fashionable establishment upon trial. He had promised to be at his post—whatever that might mean—upon the ensuing Tuesday, and he arrived there with his cake and carpet-bag at the appointed hour.

The barber and his wife were perfectly well aware that Master Richard Smith, as he called himself, was a young gentleman who had run away from home, and were all the more glad to have him from that circumstance. Such an escapade on his part was of more value to them than the most respectable references, of which of course he had none: if, they argued, he was found out and taken back again, they would either obtain hush-money from his family, or the affair would be made public and their establishment advertised; if not, his appearance in their Saloons would be certainly advantageous.

The apartments thus denominated were three chambers of small extent, furnished with that peculiar skimpiness and inefficiency which distinguish the saloons of diminutive steam-boats, and with an enormous basin upon wheels—in two of them—in lieu of a table, which carried out the nautical parallel still further. The fireplaces in all these rooms smoked throughout the winter—although Mr Tipsaway would declare upon his word of honour, when any complaint was made, that it was only a particular quarter of the west wind or the east wind, as the case might be, which caused that unprecedented misfortune; and in one of them the customers were allowed to smoke, a large proportion of whom happened, for certain reasons, to be foreigners, who would not otherwise perhaps have patronised the place.

'In that comparatively small apartment, sir,' observed Mr Tipsaway to his young recruit, on introducing him to the premises—'in that comparatively small apartment, are not seldom to be seen some of the most exalted personages in the history of European politics, the bulwarks of continental liberty, the apostles of that sacred gospel of Equality between man and man—What the deuce do you mean, Frizzle, by running against me in that fashion?' ejaculated Mr Tipsaway suddenly, as a pale young man, in a white apron and shirt-sleeves, and carrying an enormous can of water, stumbled upon them in the dark and narrow passage that shut off the shop from the saloons. 'Do you know who you are, sir, and who I am? A pretty example of respect and subordination, Frizzle, you are setting to this young man here. Why isn't this gas-jet lighted, which I have ordered to be done every morning without fail?'

'Please, sir,' explained the trembling Frizzle, 'Mrs Tipsaway said'—

'Silence, sir,' thundered the proprietor; 'how do you dare to interrupt me when I am speaking. Go along with you, and be more careful in future not to turn your cans over your betters.—Where was I, my young friend,' added the barber, dropping his voice—'where was I, when that idiot ran up against me?'

'At the sacred gospel of Equality between man and man,' suggested Dick with simplicity.

'Exactly so,' replied Mr Tipsaway, whose oratory had been a good deal quenched by the cold water. 'Well, the short and long of it is, the refugees and such like meets here pretty often, and talks all kinds of lingo. One of 'em can't talk at all, however—Count Gotschakoff, the Russian gent—here he is a coming through the shop at this instant. Now, just you look at him.'

Dick did look at him, as at the first Count whom his hitherto unprivileged eye had ever beheld, and this is what he saw; a tall dark sallow man, of about fifty years of age, without a vestige of hair upon his face, and that upon his head cut down to mere gray bristle: he had that painful look of enforced watchfulness about him which only belongs to the deaf and dumb, as though they were solicitous not to lose the play of a single muscle in the countenances of their more fortunate fellow-creatures: upon the left breast of his high-buttoned black waistcoat, there depended about three-halfpenny-worth of red ribbon, the termination of which—doubtless the order of the

Golden Eagle, or other costly bird of his native land—was lost in a little side-pocket. As he walked through the shop, he lifted his hat to Mrs Tipsaway, who stood behind the counter, an act of condescension which delighted Dick, and even elicited from Mr Tipsaway—who was accustomed to it—a cordial expression of praise.

'He's the politest beggar, is the Count, Smith, as ever you see. He'll bow to me, and even to you, now, when he comes in, just as though we were counts ourselves.'

In another moment the Russian nobleman had entered the smoking-room, where the two were standing, and saluted them in the magnificent and courtly manner which had been predicted.

'How are you, Old Starch-and-Stiff?' observed Mr Tipsaway, throwing, however, a most marked respect into his features. 'Will you have a glass of the same tippie as usual, and smoke your cabbage-leaf till the other noble swells make their appearance, eh?—You see, Smith,' remarked the barber, observing the extreme dismay depicted in Dick's countenance, 'it don't signify tuppence what one says to a deaf-and-dumb cove like this; one may just as well call him "Old boy" as "Your excellency"; in fact, it would be throwing fine words away, and putting one's self out of one's usual way for nothing.'

Upon this explanation the unfortunate count smiled a smile of the most courteous approval, and seating himself at the table, produced a little parcel of tobacco and a small volume, consisting of thin brown paper, out of which raw materials he began constructing cigarettes.

'How deuced sharp he is with his fingers!' observed Mr Tipsaway admiringly. 'I'm hanged if he ain't a precious deal more like a monkey than a man. You should see him presently when the others come in and talk their lingo; here he'll sit for hours, bless you, smoking and rolling, rolling and smoking, and making believe to listen, just as though he were all right, you know. He's a very patient chap, that I must say for him. Here's your Hodervee, count—that's what he would call brandy, if he could speak, you know—and do keep to the spittoon, there's a good creature—he's an awful creetur for that, is the count, and vexes my wife most amazing. They say he can spectate over his own head, as he sits in his chair, but I can't say as I ever saw him do it. But now we must clear out of this, for here comes Monsieur de Crespigny, and Herr Singler, and the rest of the foreign gentles, who like to be by themselves here, and have no fancy for listeners.'

This delicacy on the part of Mr Tipsaway must not be estimated at too high a rate, considering that if he had applied his ear to the keyhole of the smoking saloon with ever so great an assiduity, he would never have heard anything but tongues which he did not happen to be able to translate. It would have been a dangerous method of studying foreign pronunciation, too, for the barber was right enough in describing his guests as impatient of eaves-droppers. In that small smoky backroom of the unconscious haircutter, certain determinations were now and then arrived at, important enough, and the divulging of which would have brought death or ruin on many an innocent head hundreds of miles away. That wretched room had been the hatching-place of many an abortive plot for the confusion of Tyrants, and even the nursery of more than one rickety Constitution. It was less convenient for the enjoyment of social life, it is true, than for the arrangement of conspiracies, but those who used it had been driven—as they thought by an arbitrary and vindictive hand—from country, and home, and friends, and all things that give life a wholesome relish, and had their minds solely set—firmly and savagely as a man sets his teeth—upon wrongs to be righted, and cruelties to be avenged. No foreign spy would have dreamed of invading Mr

Tipsaway's quiet emporium, for it is notorious that *mouchards* are entirely without sense of humour, which, and which alone, might have led them to look with grave suspicion upon the fact of a number of gentlemen, whose close-cropped heads had the appearance of stubble-fields, frequenting, almost daily, an establishment devoted to cutting and curling.

These men, so scant of linen, so saving of soap, had yet, in Richard's eyes, a certain dignity about them, which Englishmen, similarly stricken by poverty, would perhaps have lacked. When we islanders grow poor, we are apt to cease from being polite, and to regard our fellow-creatures with bitterness; nor do our shabby hats grow shabbier through too much courteous salutation of the general public. A handsome, merry, young face like that of Richard Arbour, was as much a passport to the heart of M. de Crespigny—melancholy as it had grown to be—as when he had been a prosperous gentleman, and leader of the extreme left in the Chamber of Deputies.

He congratulated Dick upon his new appointment at Mr Tipsaway's, just as though he had been some cadet of noble family just gazetted page to the French king; and thus in a couple of minutes won more of gratitude from the impulsive lad than Uncle Ingram had been able to earn by thirteen years of practical benefits. Oh, great and wonderful powers of human look and speech, that can confer such gracious happiness upon the hearts of others by a mere smile or tone! and oh, still more wonderful human blindness and arrogance, that spare to bestow a gift that costs the donor so little!

Although, however, M. de Crespigny—who conversed with Dick in English, of course, never imagining that a lad in his position would understand any other language than his own—and our young runaway did become fast friends in a few days, it is not to be supposed that the barber's boy had nothing else to do but to cultivate the acquaintance of foreign noblemen. On the day after his arrival, he was taken in hand by Mr Frizzle, a feeble young man, much bullied by Tipsaway, and with an expression of countenance piteous as that of a hunted kangaroo, to which animal he bore a further resemblance in an enormous linen pouch, which he always carried about with him, filled with the implements of his profession. Whether Mr Frizzle had real genius or not, is a question only to be decided—or rather to be fought about, for they never decide—by the psychological metaphysicians; but that he had at all events 'a turn' for music, there is no denying. Like other eminent persons in obscure circumstances, however, who have been attached to that divine calling, he pursued it under many disadvantages; his principal instrument of melody being the comb kept for the general use of the customers, by help of which and some thin brown curling-paper, he would perform curious pieces of his own composition—muffled oratorios: extracting music from the tortoise-shell, like Orpheus and the earliest masters of the art.

'Frizzle, why don't you stop that infernal twanging?' roared Mr Tipsaway at 11 A.M. from the front shop, on the morrow of Dick's arrival. 'Don't you know that it's the last Saturday in the month, and that Mr Smith must be taken to school this morning?'

Dick thought with a shudder of Messrs Dot and Carriwun's, and his heart sank within lest the study of the mathematics should be indeed necessary for the hair-cutting line of business, as it seemed to be for every other.

'To school, sir!' cried he; 'I have been to school, Mr Tipsaway, and learned up to vulgar fractions.'

'You will see more of them to-day, lad,' grinned the barber, in intense enjoyment of the coming witticism, 'than you ever saw in your life before. It is a charity school you are going to this morning, where all the boys may be said to be vulgar fractions. It is the *experimentum in corpore vili*, as my classical friend

Herr Singler once observed. You are about to learn hair-cutting upon paupers' heads, Mr Richard Smith. The parish authorities have such a belief in our accurate knowledge of the prevailing mode, that they place one hundred and twenty heads at our disposal every six weeks. Frizzle, give him the bluntest pointed scissors that we have in the shop, lest he should abuse the confidence thus reposed in us; and don't take any combs there, mind that, for you know what happened once, in consequence, to Mr Camellair, the artist, who has never since visited our establishment.'

Thus it was that Mr Richard Arbour mastered the rudiments of the science of hair-cutting. His uncultivated fancy was allowed to sow its wild-oats in charity-schools and workhouses, among locks for the nourishment of which no Polar bear is slain, no *Pommade de Tipsaway* is concocted; nay, if truth must be told, he was even lent out *gratis* upon Sunday mornings to inferior establishments in low neighbourhoods, nor until he had disfigured many hundreds of the working-classes with his ignorant shears, was he judged worthy to try his 'prentice-hand upon a gentleman. That time, however, did at last arrive, and the genteel youth of good address drew customers to the house, as Mr Tipsaway had anticipated. The lad was a considerable relief to those who had hitherto only experienced the nervous attentions of Mr Frizzle. That young man—besides his introduction of the foreign body we have already hinted at into the luxuriant tresses of Mr Camellair—had been guilty of enormous indiscretions. He had almost driven Major Bantam into an apoplexy by whistling a melody—softly but quite perceptibly—upon a bald spot on that indignant officer's head, as he stood behind him 'thinning his top,' as the phrase goes; and when Miss Comely Pettigrew had asked him whether he thought that he had a pair of whiskers to suit her—meaning, of course, those artificial *frisettes* used for distending the side-hair—he had fairly spluttered with laughter, and rushed out of the room. Moreover, his conversation—a most important matter with gentlemen of his profession—was feeble to quite an extraordinary degree. Beyond 'The weather is distressingly 'ot to-day, mem,' or, 'Ow that chimney *do* smoke now, to be sure, sir, don't it?' he had absolutely nothing to say; while, in place of introducing the subject of purchases warily and delicately, he would come out with: 'Now, buy a pot of our pommade, sir—*do*,' as though he were appealing to the pity rather than self-interest of the customer.

The foreign gentlemen, in particular, whose inexplicable politeness affected the nerves of Mr Frizzle, were exceedingly glad to be waited upon by Dick instead of him: they did not think it necessary to break off their conversation when the lad chanced to have occasion to enter their room; and it must be confessed that he took advantage of that circumstance to drink in as much as his knowledge of the French tongue, imparted to him by Sister Maggie, would permit him. He could not understand very much, of course—even when he could translate it—of their talk about the Solidarity of the Peoples, or of the Moment being Supreme for down-trodden Nationalities, but he knew that they were talking secrets, and that he was listening to them, unknown to themselves, which is a state of affairs gratifying to most people.

Moreover, he was deeply interested in the scenes themselves, and the persons who composed them: in his friend and patron, M. de Crespigny, so eloquent and so enthusiastic; in Herr Singler, so quiet and yet so weighty, that no man put in a word while he was speaking; in Signor Castigliano, so scornfully indignant in hand, and voice, and eye; and of the ten or a dozen conspirators who assembled, all or some, in that little saloon daily, especially in the silent, sullen

Count Gotschakoff, who sat in that stormy parliament, sipping his brandy, and smoking his tobacco, as though he were the sole occupant of the apartment. Now and then, a slip of paper would be handed to him with some pencilled words, requesting his advice on this or that matter, and he would write his reply on a leaf of his little cigarette-book, with incredible speed. The conspirators had evidently a high opinion of his judgment, and indeed, for five-and-thirty years this exile from St Petersburg—banished perhaps for writing what he might have spoken with impunity, had he been able to speak at all—had been prompter or participator in half the revolutions of Europe. There was a great attraction and mystery about this man for Dick, who had never chanced to see a deaf-and-dumb person before, and his sharp young eyes were often fixed upon him when the count was by no means aware of it. That gentleman would sometimes stay behind when his friends departed, finishing his *cau de vie*, and on a certain occasion, the lad surprised him in the performance of a rather singular action.

Dick had opened the saloon-door with unusual quietness, and without the draught or other accompanying circumstance, such as generally attracted the count's attention at once, announcing his presence, and behold, there was the Russian arranging the slips of paper that had been given to him during the conference in his voluminous pocket-book! This struck Dick as being remarkable, because he had heard M. de Crespigny say that he would warn Count Gotschakoff to be particular in destroying them, and the count, on receiving the written suggestion, had apparently done so—folding each slip as soon as he had perused it, and consuming it in the gas-jet that was always alight in the room for smoking purposes—not only on that occasion, but ever afterwards, as the lad had seen him do many times. This contradictory circumstance would not, however, of itself perhaps have awakened Dick's suspicions, had not the Russian suddenly started up, thrust the pocket-book into his bosom, and seizing the lad by the throat, uttered in unmistakable French, and with a rolling of the *rs* beyond the reach of most articulate-speaking men—not to speak of a deaf-and-dumb gentleman—that one tremendous rage-laden continental shibboleth—*Sacre !!*

THE BEE-WORLD.

We happened to be overhearing that yesterday a nursery-lesson administered to our youngest child, aged six, and the superiority of knowledge exhibited by that infant compared with any which we were possessed of concerning the subject in hand, completely confounded us.

'What do we know, my little dear, about bees?' inquired the governess, in that insinuating tone by which information is supposed to be most easily extracted from the young. 'What do we know now about bees?' It was surprising, we repeat, how much that little girl did know about them, of which her learned father, as he was called in court, was profoundly ignorant; and yet there was Huber in our library, and even a pamphlet just published upon the *Management of Bees* lying on our desk. We reiterated to ourselves the question of the governess: 'What do you know, Mr Paterfamilias, about bees?' and we blushed in the solitude of our study as we answered thus.

We know that Dr Watts inquires—no, remarks with admiration—'How doth the little busy bee improve each shining hour!' and that a previous poet, Virgil, has paid that insect many deserved compliments. But we also remember a rather alarming picture in one of Virgil's books of a certain ox lying dead with a swarm of bees about him, who, it is our strong impression, had stung him to death.

We know that bees *do* sting, since we have a distinct recollection of having in our childhood suffered from them, when our beloved parents placed our nose in a blue bag, with the mistaken idea of allaying the irritation: it did not allay it, but increased our terror and distress very much. We thought that the colour would never be washed away—like Shakespeare's celebrated fast and indelible red, which would see the multitudinous seas incarnadined first—and that we should have a blue nose for life. We did not learn, nor have we done so to this hour, why that bag was blue.

We know that one of the prettiest ornaments in the cottagers' gardens of the village at home were bee-hives, which somehow gave us the same notion of comfort and plenty in their case as was afforded by the more ungainly wheat-ricks in the farmyard; and justly so, for those persons who kept bees were themselves a provident class, and always laid something in store against their winter.

We know that the bee inserts himself into very curious places, after a silent and burglarious fashion, although doubtless with the best intentions. The way in which he comes booming out of the bell of a flower which one has gathered in ignorance of his being there, is exceedingly startling; and we have some faint notion that he manages to get into bottles of very old port wine, and to leave his wings there.

Finally, we know that there is such an insect as a queen-bee, but what she does, except (we suppose) reign, we have no idea; and this last piece of profundity completes our knowledge upon the entire subject.

Honest Reader, can you lay your hand upon your heart, and protest that you know anything more than this about bees? If so, you may be even an Apiarian—in which case we have nothing to say to you. Go to! We are addressing ourselves to simple Christian folk; to them who were ignorant, as we ourselves were yesterday, and whom we would make as wise as we are to-day. We have found a poem—the Romaunt of the Bee—the existence of which we had never dreamed of; an epic we had never looked into, although it has stood on the shelf in the garden opposite for many a summer, and though we knew its title—the Bee-hive—perfectly well. Let us turn it over (in our mind, that is, for practically it would be dangerous), and extract the honey (the poetry and the humour), leaving the wax and other glutinous material (the desperately scientific and statistical information) for those of stronger digestions.

Even Science herself, however, discards her harsh appellations, and grows almost musical when speaking about bees. She calls them *Anthrophila* and *Melifera*, the flower-loving and the honey-bearing; albeit she is greatly at fault for a fit title for that golden down which they delight to pilfer from the swinging flower-bells, and terms it *pollen*. 'I'd be a butterfly, born in a bower,' sings an unknown poet, but probably one cursed with the improvidence of his race, and whose opinions were certainly at variance with those of Mr Thomas Carlyle. How much better would it be to be born in a nice warm hive; to be swathed in silk, or some substance equally pleasant, and less expensive, termed 'cocoon'; and to be fed on honey-dew, like him who beheld the palace of Kubla Khan! How happier far must be the hour when the bee first 'feels his feet,' than that enjoyed by the infant Homo under the same circumstances, for such members are economically denied to bees until they are absolutely wanted; and how still more delicious the day on which he first emerges upon his silver wings into the summer air!

At the same epoch when the purple-coloured child is squalling in its nurse's arms, objecting to its strait-waistcoat, and nervously apprehensive of pins, the infant bee is drinking in all the glories of earth and air. He sings to himself for very

happiness. In every flower he finds odours, and delicious sweetmeats, and enjoys them both, accompanied by the most delightful motion, like that of a school-boy in his swing, or a sailor in his hammock. In a cowslip's bell he lies, or under the blossom that hangs on the bough; and this is his work, mind you. The bee, in addition to these ravishing pleasures, has the crowning satisfaction of the sense of toil—of doing his duty to others as well as to himself. When he has eaten enough, he proceeds, in contempt of a polite rule to the contrary, which trammels most human children, to fill his little pockets. He has a bag into which he puts the precious honey-drops until it is quite full, and he has also two side-receptacles in his legs for the pollen. If it has been showery, he saves himself the trouble of making this up into homeopathic golden pills, and by pocketing them, rolling himself bodily among it wherever it is found; he thus acquires a coat of many colours—red, white, yellow, or blue—so that the intelligent florist who observes him thus decked out, can tell the very flowers from which the vagrant has been thieving; and when he returns home, which he does as straight as an arrow, after a flight upwards at the rate of a mile a second to take its bearings, his friends are not too proud to brush him carefully down, and put away all the pollen into the granary. It is this which makes what is called bee-bread; for bees are not so greedy as some little boys, who will eat their honey without any bread to it. Perhaps the queen, whom we read of in the nursery-songs as eating bread and honey in her parlour, was after all but a queen-bee; but this is a question suitable only for the antiquarian commentators. The indoor work of bees is as light as their open-air avocations. The hive being limited, and the number of bees continually increasing, a thorough system of ventilation becomes necessary. The workers are therefore 'told off' by sixties or so at a time, and accomplish the desired object by standing on their feet and 'making believe' with their wings to fly. This is certainly no exhausting labour, such as we humans always find 'raising the wind' to be; and some old bees of lethargic temperament prefer to stay at home, and pull the punkah, to wandering about gardens and roaming over the heathery hills with their comrades. What vulgar outside persons may choose to say about their increased weight, and of how that less than five thousand (in consequence of these sedentary habits) are now going to the pound, is nothing to them; since they have no sense of hearing, or if they once had it, it has been dazed and destroyed by the continuous buzzing going on around them. For consider—you that have but one bee in your bonnet—what it must be to have fifteen thousand bees (which is not a large hive-full) all under the same straw hat! It is useless, then, for the unscientific man to bring out his tongue and warming-pan with the idea of attracting bees to swarm. They are mercifully denied by nature the organs for the appreciation of that music. Thieves, of course, are not to be feared by such courageous householders, but the moth breaks through at night sometimes, and steals after a very singular manner—namely, by giving. She lays her eggs in the hive cuckoo-fashion, and their voracious *larvæ* devour the honey. No wonder, then, that the bees fear moths—*timent Danaos et dona ferentes*, a scholarly quotation which we have not often so good an opportunity of introducing.

Hitherto, we have spoken only of Working-bees, who form about four-fifths of a swarm. The other fifth is composed of those who neither toil nor spin, nor gather into hives, and who are therefore—by peasants and other rude persons concerned in the management of bees—somewhat contemptuously termed Drones. Did ever lover pass by such a name? These live for love, and die for love too—as we shall presently hear—and it is no wonder perhaps that they are despised by soulless drudges. They are,

every one of them, passionately in love with the queen-bee. These two thousand or so are all enamoured of the one solitary female who exists in this blessed community. She is wooed and won in the air, miles and miles away above mortal ken; and just as in the grand old fairy tales, the favoured lovers of this enchanting princess never live to boast of their happiness. You may see hundreds of them whirling up from the entrance of the hive into the blue empyrean, and presently the queen-bee herself—like the monarch of Lilliput, conspicuous by her length above her fellows—majestic, Junonic, takes her mysterious flight skyward also. She knows not which of her suitors will be waiting for her—doubtless with bended knee, although there is nothing to put it on—nor the spot where she will meet with him, for there is no making trysting-place in the realms of space. Zephyr alone, remembering perhaps his young days with Aurora, conducts her to some happy bee in viewless air. Is not this a true poem? And the young courtier that never comes back to live again—by which alone the rest know whom to envy—*is* not he a fit and tragical hero? But better so, *Maybe*(e), than to live on an unfavoured drone until the late autumn, then to be stung to death by the labouring-classes, lest one should help to eat that winter store which one has been too high and mighty to help to gather!

These democrats, however, are to their sovereign lady the queen, loyal to their backbone, or would be so, did they not happen to be invertebrate animals. The very emblem of royalty in old Egypt was a bee, by reason, doubtless, of this very devotion. Whenever the queen moves about the hive, she is attended by a volunteer body-guard, as tiny, but as assiduous as they who waited upon Titania's self, and who take charge of her majesty's eggs as soon as they are deposited. Even if a strange queen-bee is introduced into the hive, their respect for her office is so great, that the inhabitants do not dip their stings in her royal blood, but content themselves with hedging her closely round until she is suffocated, or else they starve her to death like another Duke of Albany. The queen-bee herself, however, brooks no rival near her throne. Immediately after her election, her first idea is to put to death, after the oriental example, all other members of the royal family. The very infants in the cradles are not spared, and unless the working-bees prevent it by incessant watchfulness, the cocoons of the royal babes are made their winding-sheets. Even while employed in thus curbing the despotism of their sovereign, however, her subjects are as deferential to her as any policeman to an intoxicated M.P. They merely stand round the cells, and remark: 'Not this way, your majesty. We are very sorry, but must perform our duty. No admittance to the nursery even on business. Infanticide is respectfully prohibited.' Even if this murder of the Innocents is accomplished, however, there is no lack of successors to the crown, or royal leaders to an emigrant swarm. The bees not only elect but *make* their queens. They have only got to enlarge an ordinary cell, which an infant working-bee would otherwise have been born into, and, lo! out of the common egg a princess-royal makes her appearance. Thus, as in chess, a pawn may be exchanged for a queen. The faculty for government all depends upon the dimensions of the cradle. In the bee-world, therefore, there are no incapables at the head of affairs, as we see in Austria, Spain, or Naples, but the talents accompany the titles. What a grand House of Lords might be composed of such a hereditary peerage as this, of 'senators born' and produced wholesale by some beneficent hatching apparatus! A comparison of the bee-world with our own, seldom turns out, alas! to the advantage of the latter.

Hitherto, we have been, as it were, in fairyland, settling, like the bees themselves, only upon the

objects that most please us; but, indeed, all bee-matters are charming, except their stings, and the soberest facts about them seem to partake of the marvellous. Let us end with a wonderful statement culled from the pamphlet we have already mentioned, by Dr Mackenzie upon the *Management of Bees*.*

'And now we come to the extraordinary and invaluable discovery of M. Gelien, a Swiss clergyman—namely, that should we add even four stocks of bees to our hive No. 1 in October, the five stocks will consume no more honey than No. 1 would have done if left alone!

'I was myself quite incredulous in this matter, till, by many an experiment, I proved it to be positively and always true.

'The reason of it will probably ever remain a secret, hardly to be solved by the suggestion that the newcomers feel a scruple as to eating the honey they had no hand in collecting.

'But, whatever be the reason, the consequence is, that if there ever was an excuse once for killing our bees, assuredly there can be none now; since, even if no single hive has enough of honey, we can easily feed it to the proper weight, and then add to it the bees from hives that would otherwise have perished from hunger.

'We can thus, even in the worst honey-years, always insure one or more strong hives, certain to do well and swarm early, when all others, neglected as usual by their owners, who have never heard of this management, will have died.'

And we wonder what the Political Economist will have to say to that.

ON GUARD.

I CONFESS that on the night when the Hundred-and-ninth dined with us, I took a great deal more alcoholic drink than I should have done. Mr Gough would say, that was very wrong; I reply, that he is very right. Mr G. might add, that if there was no such stuff as beer, wine, or spirits to be had, I could not have so erred, and that, therefore, we should pass a Maine Liquor Law. I reply that, by the same reasoning, all horses should be converted into sausages, to prevent people from ruining themselves on the turf; that money, which is the root of all evil, should at once be plucked out of human institutions; that if there was no such thing as marriage, there could be no such thing as divorce; and that a community of goods would prevent the possibility of theft.

I plead extenuating circumstances: my present life was so new to me. Six months previously, I had been a quiet, dreamy, middle-aged married man, living in the country, and devoted to entomology, when there came that telegram from the heights of Alma, which gave the combative bump of every man and boy in England such a magnetic thrill that it has not left off tingling yet, and a hint from our lord-lieutenant made me accept a commission in the militia. I was now a smart, gay, young bachelor lieutenant (I had still a wife somewhere, but was there not a sentry on the barrack-gate?), one of the garrison of Eddystone, and, on this particular evening, president of the mess. Our guests were officers of the line, who had just returned from India, and were soon going out to the Crimea, and I had to drink champagne with every one of them; and I appeal to the soberest of men—to you, sir—whether you could allow a cold, reasonable, heartless, heel-tap to remain in your glass when you were drinking to a man who, in a few weeks, was to be shot at in your quarrel. And, after all, I was not very far gone; it is true that I sang a song; but I went to bed unassisted, wound up my watch, and pulled off my boots. I also remember my last thoughts before going to sleep, which were, that I was glad there was

no early parade next morning, but sorry that the room would go round and round, and round and round, like a dry Maelström.

I had two remarkable dreams that night. First, I sat in a tower in Jerusalem, which was being battered by the Romans, and at each heavy *thud, thud* of the ram, I felt the walls tremble and shake, but did not care how soon they fell, for we had been out of water for a month. Then I was once more a little boy at school, and very thirsty; at a short distance off, I could see the pastry-cook's, with 'Iced Lemonade' written in letters of gold upon the window-pane, and, lo! a thrice happy youth was draining a goblet thereof with an eagerness which raised my desire for drink to madness; but between the spot where I stood and the coveted draught was a blank wall, and at fifteen paces therefrom stood a row of fifth-form boys, with tennis-balls in their hands. Thump, thump, whack, thump came those balls about my ears, as, crouched against the wall, I—I woke, and discovered that some one was knocking, with the regular single punch of a Nasmyth hammer, at the door, and that my mouth and throat were too parched to tell him to come in. However, I managed to utter some inarticulate cry, which was properly understood, and Sergeant Thomson entered the room, closed the door, brought his heels together, and saluted. Like an old soldier and an intelligent man as he is, Sergeant Thomson rightly interpreted my glance at the cupboard, and going thither, he produced a bottle of soda-water.

Pop! wobble, wobble, fisch!—and the sensations of years were crowded into the time it would have taken to count five; for those few seconds, I was in Paradise, but the sergeant soon dashed me to the earth.

'You are for guard, sir,' said he, taking the empty tumbler from my hand.

'For guard!—I!'

'Yes, sir; Mr Arundel was taken ill last night, and you come next. The adjutant says you must be on the square in half an hour.'

'But, but—I have never been on guard; that is, I have only been as supernumerary.'

'Must make a beginning, sir.'

'I hope I am under a captain. Is it the Dock-yard?'

'No, sir, Lockman Dock—the Magazine, as it's called.'

'Ah, well, the sergeant will tell me what to do: who is he?'

'Don't know, sir; we don't find the guard.'

'What! and who do, then?'

'The marines, sir, I believe;' and he saluted and went.

Giddy and ill as I was, I had to be on the square in half an hour—I, who generally take an hour to dress!

Our adjutant, who looked after his officers as a cat after her kittens, or the captain of a college-boat after his crew, joined me as I left the barrack-gate, and poured advice and encouragement into my ear. He told me that I knew all I had to do, because we had practised it previously, reminding me how we had gone about our own barrack square relieving imaginary guards and visiting fancy sentries; then he explained everything minutely, informed me that I could not make a mistake, it was all so very simple, but damped this encouraging assurance with the reminder, that the general was very particular, and that any blunder of mine would be a disgrace to the regiment; and so we arrived at the parade. There stood the different guards in a long red line; there were the colours, and the band, and the brigade-major; and there, in the distance, overwatching the proceedings like a grim Jupiter, the awful general; and there, too, were a select body of ladies, nursery-maids, and children, who had turned out thus early to see the show, which was pretty enough to those who were not actors therein, or who, being such actors, knew their parts, and had not sick headaches. I fell in, and the band

* Blackwood, Edinburgh.

played, and the colours were paraded up and down, and I got on pretty well until we arrived at a part of the performance where the officers had to march right across the square, in slow time, to their respective guards. Now, I can keep step very well when in the ranks, because I move my legs when the others do, but my bump of time is, or ought to be, a dead-level; and stepping with the band, now that I was all alone, was to me as physically impossible as waltzing had always been, so that, whenever I glanced at the officer of the adjoining guard, I found I was out of step, and changed feet; and as this happened pretty often, my progress became one continuous *chassé*, which must have given me an air of dancing across the parade. But this was not all: my head was in such a whirl that I could not march straight to my front, so that when at last I reached the red line before me, I found that I had somehow edged off to the wrong guard, and the howls of the brigade-major, while I was running ignominiously about, trying to find my place, were something frightful to listen to.

At last, the trooping was over, and as all the guards marched off, I felt happier; nobody could bully or interfere with me now, for I was in command; and as we tramped through the streets, I felt at least two inches taller, especially on passing a bow-window where three of the loveliest—

'Howl-l-lt!' roared a voice of thunder, which brought us up as sharp as if an iron wall had suddenly sprung up before us.

I jumped so that I dropped my sword.

When I had picked it up, I discovered that an individual with a red face and gray whiskers, dressed in uniform, with a cocked-hat and a brass scabbard, and mounted on a powerful big-boned horse, was louting at me.

'Why the ocrus did you not carry arms to me, sir-r-r-r? eh?'

It is impossible to convey any idea of the accent he gave to that 'eh?' I nearly dropped my sword again.

'I beg your pardon, sir,' said I; 'I did not see'—

'Then you ought to have seen, sir,' he barked, and digging his spurs into his horse, vanished like a flash of lightning. Who he was, what his rank, or whence he came, I know not, neither do I care. But a glance at the bow-window shewed me that my discomfiture had proved a source of mirth to the occupants thereof, and I felt bitterly towards the individual with the gray whiskers and powerful voice. As I could not sink into the earth, a course I should certainly have preferred to adopt, there was nothing for it but to march on, and in due time we reached the gates of the Lockman Dock, through which we stepped in slow time, with carried arms, the adjutant's directions coming into my head one by one as I wanted them. The guard-room was situated on the right, just inside the gates, and the old guard was posted at open order in front of it; I knew that the new guard must be drawn up facing them, so I led my men solemnly on.

'To the right form, sir!' cried the sergeant in a loud whisper, but I did not quite catch his meaning, and so thought it simpler to go on a little further.

'Halt—front!' cried I, and they halted and fronted; but, alas, their *backs* were turned to the old guard, in whose ranks, I think, I heard an insubordinate giggle.

However, I counter-marched my men, and then the old guard presented arms to us, and we presented arms to the old guard; and some of the new guard were marched off to relieve the sentries, and I apologised to the old guard officer, a youth of eighteen, who graciously patronised me, and told me that I should do better another time. He also kindly gave me a tip for the Cambridgeshire Stakes, and imparted other valuable information, until, all his sentries being gathered in, he marched his party off, and behind him were closed and barred those gates

beyond which it was unlawful for me to pass for twenty-four hours.

As a general rule, the fact of being confined in any particular place, however pleasant, would make me long to get out of it, but at present I had no such wish, for the novelty of the position had a romantic charm about it which quite reconciled me to the imprisonment. Twenty-two marines, some of them bronzed and decorated men, who had braved for several years the battle and the breeze, were under my command; and it was my first taste of power, for being a quiet man and a hen-pecked, it had never occurred to me to exercise authority at home. Then I was in a responsible position; no one could come into the dock-yard without my permission, and if he insisted on forcing his way by climbing over the wall or otherwise, I might—might I order him to be bayoneted? Yes; I might certainly do so, and the sentry would probably obey me, but should I be hung for giving such an order?

This being a point worthy of serious consideration, I took the board of orders down from the mantel-piece, and seating myself on a truckle-bed, which, with a table, two chairs, an inkstand, a pen, a grate, a coal-scuttle, and a broken poker, formed the furniture of the guard-room, commenced an investigation of the duties of my position, which led to a further reverie upon my present dignity, and the magnitude of the interests confided to my charge; one of them being a powder-magazine of so ticklish a constitution, that the smoking of a pipe in the guard-room, a quarter of a mile off, could not be indulged in without running the risk of blowing up half the town, with a fair proportion of those gun-boats and frigates for which we pay such a tidy little bill every year; and the idea of the bare possibility of the taxes of the country being increased by any such negligence of mine, made me shudder. While cogitating in this way, I began to experience certain uneasy sensations in the region of the stomach, which by and by resolved themselves into a yearning for tea, and bread and butter, and in due time it occurred to me that I had not breakfasted. What was to be done? I had not seen my servant before leaving the barrack square, and as I had selected the lad for his honesty rather than his intelligence, I knew he would never come to look after me without express orders to that effect. I must have patience; but yet, what was the use of that? Patience is a very good thing for the toothache, because one lives in hopes of its going off; but hunger never 'goes off.'

Well, well, it was no great hardship after all to go without breakfast for once. The worst of it was, that the difficulty would recur at dinner-time.

These dismal reflections were broken in upon by the sergeant, who appeared at the doorway, and asked if I would choose to visit the sentries, which I forthwith began to do; and as I varied the amusement by investigations of all the objects of interest in the place, it took me a couple of hours to go the rounds. First of all, I came to a large building where boiler-plates were being drilled round the edges with small holes for the rivets, and I stood for a long time watching the punch pressing out the little circular bits of iron with that ease and neatness peculiar to the irresistible force of steam, till a workman of whom I asked some question remarked, that 'one would think it was going into so much cheese,' and the mention of that comestible was too much for a famished Welshman. Not far from this workshop, I came upon my first sentry, who ported arms and proceeded to repeat his orders, which were printed up in his sentry-box. There were under his care a crow-bar, which he was to give up when requested to the dock-yard police, and a life-buoy, which he was to throw to any one whom he saw struggling in the water. He was also to challenge any one who approached his post after dark; to fire off a blank cartridge in case of fire; and above all, to allow no

one to smoke either on the wharf or on board the shipping moored off it. All this he repeated in a breath, like a child saying its catechism; and I passed on, and spent half an hour in watching the prodigies performed by a Vulcanic hammer, though, if Vulcan can hit half as hard as that, I pity poor Venus when he comes home jealous and nectary. Then came an interview with another sentry; then I watched the process of razeing a three-decker that would not sail into a frigate that would: after which came more sentries, all of whom told their little tale so exactly in the same way, that I grew weary, and determined to 'dodge' the next. This was a tall, sturdy, red-faced lad, evidently not long from the plough, who, when I came upon him round a corner, was standing gazing into his sentry-box, reading the orders there printed up, evidently cramming for his approaching examination. On hearing my footsteps, he faced about, and ported his arms.

'Do you know your orders?' said I.

'Essair,' he replied.

'Well, then, if a man fell off that vessel into the water, and you saw that he was drowning, what would you do?'

Poor fellow! I never saw more utter and hopeless bewilderment expressed on mortal face. I repeated the question in as clear and simple a way as I could.

'Give 'un the crow-bar!' he at length replied.

I tried to explain to him the inutilty of a crow-bar to a drowning man.

'Fire a blank cartridge at 'un!' was his second guess, and I gave him up in despair.

Only after that, I did not walk so close to the edge of the quay as I had been previously doing.

At some little distance from the workshops and dry docks, but close to the water-edge, stood a square, low, windowless stone-building, encompassed on the land-side by a dry moat, in which perambulated a marine. This stone-building was the Magazine, and as my board of orders directed me to examine whether there were any marks of lucifer-matches on the walls, I descended into the moat, and commenced a careful scrutiny.

'The door is round here, sir!' cried the astonished sergeant, evidently thinking that I was searching for the entrance, which was certainly small. On my rejoining him, he pulled an iron handle, which produced a distant ghostly tinkle, and it was not without a certain trepidation that I heard a footstep, and the jingling of many keys, for I expected, on entering, to find myself in a low dark vault piled with loose gunpowder, as a granary is with corn, and was rather disappointed although relieved, when the guardian of the place ushered me into an open courtyard, surrounded by stone cells with iron doors. When I had interrogated the sentry who was pacing this court, I was conducted through two gates, which were carefully locked behind us, to a dismal place where were a flight of steps leading down to the water, and here another sentry was posted, whom I pitied; for I should not myself like to be locked out from the world by three doors in such a place. But what of the man with the keys, who let me in and conducted me round? Does he live in that place? Has he a wife and family anywhere? Is his life insured; and if so, is it in a fire or life office, and what premium does he pay? Has he ever known the joys of tobacco? Is it lawful for him to feed upon anything more inflammatory than the Revalenta Arabica?

I own that I breathed more freely as, stepping out of the Magazine, and taking my sword, which I had had to leave outside, from the sergeant, I bent my steps back to the guard-room.

The walk had been highly interesting, but it had sharpened my appetite wofully.

I had no books, but my predecessor had fortunately left behind him a plentiful supply of writing-paper,

with which I proceeded to draw up the report which had to be sent in on the following morning, culling the different parts of it from various forms which were hung about the room, with a glorious uncertainty about what was for my own private instruction, and what for the official information of my superiors. This whiled away some time, and then an admiral came into the yard, and the guard had to be turned out in his honour; after which it was time to revisit the sentries; and so the day wore away. Night came, and I was left alone with two tallow dips, and my own reflections, which were those of a pike. Yet I might have sat down to a dinner *à la Russe*, for was it not open to me to devour those tallow dips? True; but I am a man who thinks slowly, and must confess that the idea did not occur to me. I was now tired as well as hungry, which would have been the greatest of boons, could I have gone to sleep, but this I dared not do, for the field-officer might come on his rounds at any minute, and I had made mistakes enough in the morning, without adding to those misdeemeanours a lack of vigilance, which would keep a superior waiting at night; so I selected the hardest chair, placed a pebble on it, laid my sword and shako on the table in such a position that they could be caught up at a moment's notice, and commenced a game at tit-tat-toe, single-handed; but finding that this pastime of my childhood was not so exciting as memory had painted it, I exchanged it for the solution of very long and hard sums. The officer I had relieved in the morning had informed me that the F. O. generally came at about midnight, so that there was not so much time to kill; and though the hours seemed to be paying me the compliment of approaching in slow time, twelve o'clock came at last. No rounds.

One o'clock. No rounds.

I then remembered that there was a ball going on at the port-admiral's, and that, most likely, the field-officer was there, and would take me on his way home; so, with a sigh at the thought that at that moment he was probably sitting down to supper, I began another sum. 'If a major who has dined at seven, and danced till one, can eat two wings of a chicken, three ounces of ham, four plovers' eggs, and a roll; how much can a subaltern, who has fasted for thirty hours, eat?'

Two o'clock. The pebble beginning to make itself unpleasant, I unwisely removed it, and almost instantly lost sight of paper and figures.

'Guard, turn out!' cried the sentry.

I jumped up, overturned the table, grasped my sword and shako, which I put on hind-side before, rushed out of the room, and just reached my place in time to receive the F. O. properly.

'All right, sir?' said he.

'All right, sir,' said I.

'All present?'

'All present.'

'Good-night;' and he turned his horse's head. At that moment, an unlucky marine who had been unable, on first waking, to find his musket, came tumbling out of the guard-room, and took his place in the ranks. The officer turned upon me like a wasp.

'I thought you said they were all present, sir!' said he.

'I did not see'— I began.

'Then you ought to have seen; mind you are more careful another time.'

This was the second time, in twenty-four hours, that I had been told, before all my men, that I 'ought to have seen;' and this time the reprimand came from a man at least five years my junior, for I had recognised an old school-fellow who had been my fag. However, I was too sleepy to suffer much from shame or indignation, so I paid one more visit to my sentries, and threw myself on the truckle-bed, where I slept hard until roused in the morning by an orderly who had come for my report.

Alas, alas! in knocking over the table the night before, I had spilt the ink all over that unhappy document, and there was no time to copy it! It was hurried away, like poor Hamlet's father, with all its blots upon it, and was consequently doomed, like that famous ghost, to wander about and haunt me; for, as it turned out, I had by no means seen the last of that orderly, who kept bringing me curt messages and rejected manuscripts all day. However, he went off for the time, and shortly afterwards, the new guard arrived, and soon I was wending my happy way to barracks and to BREAKFAST.

ABOUT DOCTORS.

ON entering the chamber of a French marquis one morning, whom he had attended through a very dangerous illness, Dr Bouvart was thus accosted: "Good-day to you, Mr Bouvart; I feel quite in spirits, and think my fever has left me."

"I am sure it has," replied Bouvart, dryly. "The very first expression you used convinces me of it."

"Pray, explain yourself."

"Nothing is easier. In the first days of your illness, when your life was in danger, I was your *dearest friend*; as you began to get better, I was your *good Bouvart*; and now I am Mr Bouvart: depend upon it, you are quite recovered."

It is but too certain that the behaviour of a large class of society towards their Doctors affords a parallel to that of this French nobleman. Our 'county families' cannot make up their minds even to visit their doctor in the country, through which neglect he is often thrown upon the companionship of farmers and other persons of no education, to whose condition he sooner or later assimilates himself, and is thereby, with reason, placed out of the 'gilded pale' of society. But when sickness comes to the 'Park,' and the doctor visits *them*, there are no bounds to the friendly demonstrations of the county families. The 'best circles' exhibit their want of good sense as well as of good taste in indulging in this haughtiness. Even if the doctor be a dull fellow, skilled in nothing but his profession, he has an advantage over the soldier, sailor, clergyman, and lawyer in the same melancholy position. What he does know must needs be interesting to his hearers, not only since they may themselves be victims to the very miseries he describes, but because his experience of life, however prosaically narrated, must needs awaken interest in any heart that can feel for others. The professor of Healing has a claim to the respect and honour of every man. His object, unlike that of everybody else, with the exception of the minister of religion, is unmixed benevolence; and even the minister does not spread, as *he* does, his benefits broadcast over Christian and Heathen. It is true that there are quacks, and pompous fools, and bears, and flatterers of the great to be found among medicine-men, as elsewhere; but if we would know how gentle, and kind, and generous the majority of them are, we must ask the Poor. However unjustly, though not unnaturally, jealous of the Rich the poor man may be in his hour of deepest want, his wrath excepts the doctor, who has been his friend when all the world deserted him. A stingy or grasping doctor is exceedingly rare, although there is no obvious reason why such should not hug his money as closely as the attorney or the Ebrew Jew; he certainly works as hard for it as any man.

The famous Dr John Lettson began life in the

West Indies by liberating all his slaves, who formed his sole fortune; he was the founder of more than twelve of the principal philanthropic institutions of London; and in spite of the immense income derived from his profession, he had to part, at the close of his life, with his beloved country-seat, because he had impoverished himself by lavish generosity to the unfortunate. 'As Lettson was travelling in the neighbourhood of London, a highwayman stopped his carriage, and, putting a pistol into the window, demanded him to surrender his money. The faltering voice and hesitation of the robber shewed that he had only recently taken to his perilous vocation, and his appearance shewed him to be a young man who had moved in the gentle ranks of life. Lettson quickly responded that he was sorry to see such a well-looking young man pursuing a course which would inevitably bring him to ruin; that he would give him freely all the money he had about him, and would try to put him in a better way of life, if he liked to call on him in the course of a few days. As the doctor said this, he gave his card to the young man, who turned out to be another victim of the American war. He had only made one similar attempt on the road before, and had been driven to lawless action by unexpected pennilessness. Lettson endeavoured in vain to procure aid for his protégé from the commissioners for relieving the American sufferers; but eventually the queen, interested in the young man's case, presented him with a commission in the army; and in a brief military career, that was cut short by yellow fever in the West Indies, he distinguished himself so much that his name appeared twice in the *Gazette*."

So great a success as Lettson's, although combined with such benevolence, was not to be forgiven by the rest of the Faculty—who form, by the by, by far the most quarrelsome and scandalous fraternity extant—and the good doctor was, of course, accused of copious manslaughter; to this charge, he good-humouredly replied in the well-known lines:

When patients comes to I,

I physics, bleeds, and meats 'em;

Then—if they choose to die,

What's that to I!—I lets 'em.—(I. LETTSON.)

The celebrated Dr Radcliffe outdid his brethren in the manufacture of scandal, by uttering a libel upon Dr Gibbons (whom he always called Nurse Gibbons) not only in words and printer's ink, but in enduring monumental stone. 'John Bancroft, the eminent surgeon, who resided in Russell Street, Covent Garden, had a son attacked with inflammation of the lungs. Gibbons was called in, and prescribed the most violent remedies, or rather the most virulent irritants. The child became rapidly worse, and Radcliffe was sent for. "I can do nothing, sir," observed the doctor, after visiting his patient, "for the poor little boy's preservation. He is killed to all intents and purposes. But if you have any thoughts of putting a stone over him, I'll help you to an inscription." The offer was accepted, and over the child's grave, in Covent Garden Churchyard, was placed a stone sculptured with the figure of a child laying one hand on his side, and saying, "Hic dolor," and pointing with the other to a death's head, on which was engraved "Ibi medicus."

There is a long period, however, in the early career of all medical practitioners, when no man takes the trouble to libel them, and success seems far off indeed. It is, however, above all things necessary to appear to have success, and to be in brilliant circumstances. 'Who has not heard,' says Mr Jeaffreson in the amusing volumes now before us, 'of the darling

* A Book about Doctors. By J. C. Jeaffreson. Hurst and Blackett.

doctor who taught singing under the moustachioed and bearded guise of an Italian count, at a young ladies' school at Clapham, in order that he might make his daily west-end calls between 3 P.M. and 6 P.M. in a well-built brougham drawn by a fiery steed from a livery-stable? There was one noted case of a young physician who provided himself with the means of figuring in a brougham during the May-fair morning, by occupying the box, and condescending to the garb and duties of a flyman during the hours of darkness. It was the same carriage at both periods of the four-and-twenty hours. He lolled in it by daylight, and sat on it by gaslight. The poor fellow's secret was discovered by forgetting himself on one occasion, and jumping in when he ought to have jumped on, or jumping on when he ought to have jumped in.

The doctors who made the greatest fortunes in old times were mostly fashionable quacks, such as St John Long, but now and then some very vulgar practitioners indeed came in for a share. Mrs Mapp, the bone-setter, was enabled to pay her professional visits with four horses and outriders; and Joanna Stephens, the 'wise woman,' actually obtained five thousand pounds from parliament for divulging the secret of her famous powder—made of calcined eggshells and snail-shells—although the time was coming when it grudged a reward to Jenner, and haggled about the purchase of Hunter's Museum. The Elizabethan surgeon, Bulleyn, must have been as great a quack as either of these, although he may not have been so well aware of it, since he believed in pearl electuaries, and even had a famous recipe of his own for the concocting of them. '*Electuarium de Gemmis*.—Take two drachms of white perles; two little peeces of saphyre; jacinth, corneline, emerauldes, granettes, of each an ounce; setwal, the sweate roote doronike, the rind of pomecitron, mnce, basel seede, of each two drachms; of redde corall, amber, shaving of ivory, of each two drachms; rootes both of white and red behen, ginger, long peper, spicknard, folium indicum, saffron, cardamon, of each one drachm; of troch. diarodon, lignum aloes, of each half a small handfull; cinnamon, galinga, zurebeth, which is a kind of setwal, of each one drachm and a half; thin peeces of gold and sylver, of each half a scruple; of musk, half a drachm. Make your electuary with honey emblic, which is the fourth kind of mirobalans with roses, strained in equall partes, as much as will suffice. This healeth cold diseases of ye braine, harte, stomack. It is a medicine proved against the tremblengye of the harte, faynting and souning, the weaknes of the stomacke, pensivenes, solitarines. Kings and noble men have used this for their comfort. It causeth them to be bold-sprited, the body to smell wel, and ingendreth to the face good coloure.' Mr Jeaffreson justly remarks, that Dr Bulleyn was quite as worthy of being suspended from practice as that unfortunate physician of modern times, who, during the railway panic in '46, thus prescribed for a nervous lady: '*R. Great Western, 350 shares; Eastern Counties, North Middlesex, a—a 1050; Mft. Haust. 1. Om. noc. cap.*'

The ladies have been always great admirers of the doctors, and have married two or three of the more fashionable ones, in spite of themselves. St John Long scarcely saved himself upon the plea of having a wife already; Sir John Eliot painted a death's head upon the panels of his carriage to scare away his patronesses, in vain; and Dr Cadogan was espoused to a lady he did not like. She was very jealous, of course, and entertained besides the agreeable idea that her husband would one day poison her. 'On one occasion, when surrounded by her friends, and in the presence of her lord and master, she fell on her back in a state of hysterical spasms, exclaiming: "Ah! he has killed me at last. I am poisoned!"

"Poisoned!" cried the lady-friends, turning up the

whites of their eyes. "Oh! gracious goodness!—you have done it, doctor!"

"What do you accuse me of?" asked the doctor with surprise.

"I accuse you—of—killing me—ee!" responded the wife, doing her best to imitate a death-struggle.

"Ladies," answered the doctor with admirable nonchalance, bowing to Mrs Cadogan's bosom associates, "it is perfectly false. You are quite welcome to open her at once, and then you'll discover the calumny."

This adoration of the fair sex was never paid, however, until the object of it had achieved eminence and popularity, and there were many humiliations to be undergone before that pinnacle was to be attained: not the least of these (and they occur unto this day) were those encountered in the canvassing for medical appointments. 'While a candidate for a place on the staff of St Bartholomew's Hospital, Dr Barrowby entered the shop of one of the governors, a grocer on Snow-Hill, to solicit his influence and vote. The tradesman, bursting with importance, and anticipating the pleasure of getting a very low bow from a gentleman, strutted up the shop, and, with a mixture of insolent patronage and insulting familiarity, cried: "Well, friend, and what is your business?" Barrowby paused for a minute, cut him right through with the glance of his eye, and then said, quietly and slowly: "I want a pound of plums." Confused and blushing, the grocer did up the plums. Barrowby put them in his pocket, and went away without asking the fellow for his vote.' This same doctor is the hero of another electioneering story. Lord Trentham and Sir George Vandeput were contesting Westminster. 'Barrowby, a vehement supporter of the latter, was then in attendance on the notorious Joe Weatherby, master of the "Ben Jonson's Head," in Russell Street, who lay in a perilous state, emaciated by nervous fever. Mrs Weatherby was deeply afflicted at her husband's condition, because it rendered him unable to vote for Lord Trentham. Towards the close of the polling-days, the doctor, calling one day on his patient, to his great astonishment found him up, and almost dressed by the nurse and her assistants.

"Heyday! what's the cause of this?" exclaims Barrowby. "Why are you up without my leave?"

"Dear doctor," says Joe in a broken voice, "I am going to poll."

"To poll!" roars Barrowby, supposing the man to hold his wife's political opinions; "you mean—going to the devil! Get to bed, man; the cold air will kill you. If you don't get into bed instantly, you'll be dead before the day is out."

"I'll do as you bid me, doctor," was the reluctant answer. "But as my wife was away for the morning, I thought I could get as far as Covent Garden church, and vote for Sir George Vandeput."

"How, Joe! for Sir George?"

"O yes, sir; I don't go with my wife. I am a Sir George's man."

'Barrowby was struck by a sudden change for the better in the man's appearance, and said: "Wait a minute, nurse. Don't pull off his stockings. Let me feel his pulse. Humph—a good firm stroke! You took the pills I ordered you?"

"Yes, sir; but they made me feel very ill."

"Ay, so much the better; that's what I wished. Nurse, how did he sleep?"

"Charmin'ly, sir."

"Well, Joe," said Barrowby after a few seconds' consideration, "if you are bent on going to this election, your mind ought to be set at rest. It's a fine sunny day, and a ride will very likely do you good. So, bedad, I'll take you with me in my chariot!"

'Delighted with his doctor's urbanity, Weatherby was taken off in the carriage to Covent Garden, recorded his vote for Sir George Vandeput, was

brought back in the same vehicle, and died two hours afterwards, amidst the reproaches of his wife and her friends of the court party.

A vote was once gained in the House of Lords in even a still more singular fashion. The practice of phlebotomy was very general in the middle of the last century, and the Lord Radnor of that time had an exceeding fondness for letting blood from his friends with his amateur lancet. Far from accepting a fee, of course, he was willing to remunerate such as were courageous enough to submit themselves to his treatment. Lord Chesterfield actually suffered this nobleman to bleed him—there being nothing whatever the matter with him—for the purpose of gaining his vote as a peer on the same evening, and his self-sacrifice was rewarded as it deserved. 'I have shed my blood for the good of my country,' said he, with literal truth.

Of the slow promotion in medical ranks, even in the case of the most skilful and deserving, the earnings of Sir Astley Cooper afford a striking example. 'In the first year, he netted five guineas; in the second, twenty-six pounds; in the third, sixty-four pounds; in the fourth, ninety-six pounds; in the fifth, a hundred pounds; in the sixth, two hundred pounds; in the seventh, four hundred pounds; in the eighth, six hundred and ten pounds; and in the ninth, the year in which he secured his hospital appointment, eleven hundred pounds.' The highest amount he ever received in any one year was £21,000, but for many years his average income was over £15,000. For going over to St Petersburg and inoculating the Empress Catharine and her son, in 1768, Dr Dimdale received £12,000 down, a pension for life of £500, and had the rank of a baron of the empire conferred upon him. A more recent emperor, of Austria, put down an equally royal fee in payment for his death-warrant. 'When a-dying, the Emperor Joseph asked Quarin his opinion of his case; the physician told the monarch that he could not possibly live forty-eight hours. In acknowledgment of this frank declaration of the truth, the emperor created Quarin a baron, and gave him a pension of more than £2000 per annum to support the rank with.'

It is probable that none of our successful surgeons have been in reality so rude and discourteous as they are represented to have been, and that the impression was rather produced by the contrast of their independent and confident manners with the insinuating address of their less fortunate brethren; but certainly Abernethy must have had a terrible reputation to have reduced a patient—and a female one—to such a state of taciturnity as this:

'A lady on one occasion entered his consulting-room, and put before him an injured finger, without saying a word. In silence, Abernethy dressed the wound, when instantly and silently the lady put the usual fee on the table, and retired. In a few days she called again, and offered the finger for inspection. "Better?" asked the surgeon. "Better!" answered the lady, speaking to him for the first time. Not another word followed during the rest of the interview. Three or four similar visits were made, at the last of which the patient held out her finger free from bandages and perfectly healed. "Well?" was Abernethy's monosyllabic inquiry. "Well!" was the lady's equally brief answer. "Upon my soul, madam," exclaimed the delighted surgeon, "you are the most rational woman I ever met with!"'

It is beyond all doubt that Abernethy, as well as certain other stars of the Faculty—both alive and dead—have given themselves most unnecessary airs, and especially in their intercourse with the junior branches of their own profession. A medical student, naturally audacious, or armed perhaps with the resolution of despair, did, however, under examination, once get the better of the great surgeon in a tournament of words. "What would you do," bluntly

inquired the surgeon, "if a man was brought to you with a broken leg?"

"Set it, sir," was the reply.

"Good—very good—you're a very pleasant, witty young man; and doubtless you can tell me what muscles of my body I should set in motion if I kicked you, as you deserve to be kicked, for your impertinence."

"You would set in motion," responded the youth with perfect coolness, "the flexors and extensors of my right arm; for I should immediately knock you down."

To Abernethy's credit as an appreciator of humour as well as courage, be it recorded, he passed the candidate triumphantly, when a baser man would probably have plucked him for his impudence.

DEAD LOVE.

We are face to face, and between us here
Is the love we thought could never die;
Why has it only lived a year?
Who has murdered it—you or I?

No matter who—the deed was done
By one or both, and there it lies:
The smile from the lip for ever gone,
And darkness over the beautiful eyes.

Our love is dead, and our hope is wrecked;
So what does it profit to talk and rave,
Whether it perished by my neglect,
Or whether your cruelty dug its grave!

Why should you say that I am to blame,
Or why should I charge the sin on you?
Our work is before us all the same,
And the guilt of it lies between us two.

We have praised our love for its beauty and grace,
Now we stand here, and hardly dare
To turn the face-cloth back from the face,
And see the thing that is hidden there.

Yet look! ah, that heart has beat its last,
And the beautiful life of our life is o'er,
And when we have buried and left the past,
We two, together, can walk no more.

You might stretch yourself on the dead, and weep,
And pray as the Prophet prayed, in pain;
But not like him could you break the sleep,
And bring the soul to the clay again.

Its head in my bosom I can lay,
And shower my woe there, kiss on kiss,
But there never was resurrection-day
In the world for a love so dead as this!

And, since we cannot lessen the sin
By mourning over the deed we did,
Let us draw the winding-sheet up to the chin,
Ay, up till the death-blind eyes are hid!

PHOEBE CARY.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by WILLIAM ROBERTSON, 23 Upper Sackville Street, DUBLIN, and all Booksellers.